

# *The Student's Pen*

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*"The Pen is mightier than the Sword"*

# The Student's Pen

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Pittsfield, Massachusetts

APRIL 1920

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P. H. RICHMOND	C. H. WHEELER	MARGARET MARSH

## EDITORIAL

### Contributions

One reason why the greatest per cent of the student body does not try to write something for the "Student's Pen" is somehow the pupils, or most of them, seem to think they have to write something big and perfect, for example a nice long story or a perfect rhyme. Not so—at first try something simple, then as you go along contributing something every few weeks, make it better. Of course they won't all be accepted, but the chances are, after a while you will really write something worth while printing. So—if you write something and put it in the "Student's Pen" box in the library and in the next issue of the "Student's Pen" you find your article, or whatever it may be, has not been accepted, don't say, "Oh, I tried and it hasn't been accepted so I won't try again." Instead say, "Well as long as they didn't print that one, I may as well begin right now and start another."

—A. M. LeRose

In order to facilitate the work of the staff by preventing unnecessary copying, no contributions to the Student's Pen can be considered, unless written in ink on one side of the sheet of composition paper.

## LITERARY

## A Little Leaven

On one cold Sunday morning in a small New England town, Mrs. Brown and her two sons, Tom and Jim started early to church in order to stop on the way to inquire about a neighbor who was ill. While in Mrs. Tanner's house, Mrs. Brown happened to speak of how poorly her bread had been rising lately. As Mrs. Tanner had had no trouble with hers, she insisted on Mrs. Brown's taking some of her dough home with her to mix with her own in the morning, and so she wrapped up a portion of it in a cloth and tucked it in her pocket. Their pew in church was near the red-hot stove which was making the air fairly palpitate with heat. After the anthem, as the minister was offering his usual long prayer, Tom's eyes were caught by a strange lump on his mother's lap that enlarged even as he gazed. The heat of the room and of the stove near by was making the dough rise. As soon as Mrs. Brown's attention was called to it, she began to work it frantically with her fingers in her pocket to keep it down. Her fingers soon became powerless so that Tom, who had begun to giggle, had to take his turn at kneading it. But the lump, as if it took on new vigor from the frantic efforts, grew still larger on Mrs. Brown's lap. The situation became more ridiculous in Tom's eyes, when, still kneading, a hymn was given out and the congregation began to sing, "I need Thee, Oh, I need Thee, Every hour I need Thee." Tom and his brother were then nearly helpless with laughter, but they managed to compose themselves until the minister announced his text, First Samuel 21:4, "There is no common bread under mine hand, but there is hallowed bread." This was too much for either of them. Howling and doubled up they rushed down the aisle and out of the door. Mrs. Brown hurriedly donning her long cape soon followed, the mischievous lump hidden beneath the cape.

—P. H. Richmond

## The Story Teller

Down the stairway of a city orphan home, which had been worn down by the skipping of many little feet, came a girl of about fifteen years. The moment that you looked at her, you knew that here was a different mold of character from the rest. She had the forehead of a thinker, the eyes of a dreamer, and a mouth whose flexible lips could be very merry or very sad, quite a contrast to the faces of the orphans as a rule.

Now that you are somewhat acquainted with this young girl, let us follow her and see where she will take us. Through the long partially bare corridor she goes with a quick and firm step. At the extreme end of the corridor is a closed door and through this come the shouts of merry children. A sigh escapes from between her now firm lips as she thinks of the way some little children play from morning until night in the sunny fields. She tries to make her lips smile as she gently pushes open the closed door. A horrible hush

followed, broken only by the sound of sharp intaking of the breath. But when the children saw it was their beloved Fanny instead of the stern matron who never let any chance slip by for reprimanding a youngster, a sigh of joy came from their parted lips, and a look of relief replaced the one of fixed horror. Two small girls ran across the floor to Fanny crying, "Fanny, story!"

Immediately the other children took up the cry. Fanny fearing the appearance of the matron, quieted them by saying yes. Immediately there was a grand rush for chairs, for they must be placed just so, with Fanny's chair exactly in the middle of them. For this was not the first time, oh my! No! Fanny's wonderful story-telling was known and loved by all the children. They were always clear and of the simplest language. As one little boy said, "We like Fanny's stories 'cause she always knows just what we want." And so it was. Fanny always seemed to read their minds and know what they wanted most.

Finally all was ready and she was lead to her chair by two small girls. But as she was about to sit down, she glanced out of the window, and seeing the sun shining so bright and warm, she said to the children, "Why are you not outdoors today?" "Yes, why aren't we outdoors today?" answered a tall sensitive boy who was standing behind Fanny's chair. "That is where we ought to be and where we want to be, but Miss Tibbits said we could not go out because we were so noisy coming back in yesterday."

Fanny glanced around the circle of small faces and her eyes grew dreamy and her countenance became untroubled. Her dreamy eyes completing the circle of young faces, swept around the room until they reached the window through which a piece of azure sky seemed to smile down on her. Her eyes wandered no longer, she smiled contentedly, and with her eyes still on the glowing patch of light, she began her story.

"I am going to lead you today, children, to a spot which is the most beautiful in the world." Her voice, low and very rich, floated through the room and the children sat breathlessly waiting for the next words.

"I call it at the end of the World, and children, when you go there you must not think any wicked thoughts, for you must not stain my place with them. Children, can you do what I ask? Leave all evil thoughts behind and come with me, pure hearted."

Instantly came a chorus of whispered words: "We are ready."

"We will follow the only path that leads to the world's end. It is steep and hard for children's feet to climb, but it is worth it, just to get the thoughts that wait for you there. As I said, the path is steep, but there are flowers to pick on every hand, children, not just to look at."

"Right ahead of you are the loveliest blue asters, and here almost at your feet are some golden-rod. Just around that turn you will find some wintergreen berries."

So she carried the children with her, as in imagination she climbed the steep path.

"Now we are all out of breath so let us rest. Here on this old moss covered rock we will bunch our flowers and listen to the birds. You must not talk much, children, if you want to hear them."

Her voice ceased, and the children in the room sat listening, utterly forgetful of where they were.

Suddenly her voice rang out excitingly, "Listen, listen children, hear that robin? How very late he is staying this year. Perhaps he stayed just to give us some music. Doesn't he sing beautifully? He is saying, 'Cheer up', 'cheer up'. Why does he sing that? Doesn't he know we are just as cheerful and happy as can be?"

Still more dreamily came the girl's voice, "We must go on children, if we intend to reach the top today. We are not very far from there now, so go quietly, for we are entering a sacred place. Keep your eyes downward until I tell you to raise them. We are now going around a sharp curve and up a steep hill and then we are at the top. We are here! Raise your eyes and look!"

The children sprang to their feet and raised their eyes as they had been commanded. On each little face was a look of content, a world of expectation. Fanny did not disappoint them.

"Look at my place, children! My beautiful place at the end of the world. See that big field of wheat and right back of it that little hill just covered with silver birches! Look at the sky! Quick, children, look at that little white cloud turning to gold by the last kiss of the setting sun. See the mountains sparkle! The sun is turning them to gold also. It is bidding good-night to all the world and wishing it a happy tomorrow. Come, children, we must be going home."

As the word home, died away, the door was violently opened and Miss Tibbits stood on the threshold, her hard, stern face set in bitter lines.

"What's the matter with you Fanny, can't you hear a bell when it rings? Hurry now and get to work. Children, go to your rooms and get washed for supper. Hurry now, I tell you, I can't wait all day." But for once the children did not mind her sharp words, for they were still in Fanny's kingdom at the world's end.

—Jessie DeVoe

#### Leaves from the Diary of an Old Graduate of P. H. S.

December 5th, 1989.

As I tottered feebly on my cane along First Street this morning, a grand sight met my eyes. Before me stretched a broad expanse of bare ground which, in the old days, was called the common, and at the extremity of it, where once stood that grand old yellow brick high-school from which my class and I graduated away back in 1921, a new and beautiful edifice thrusts its towering spires sky-ward. A grand structure it is, all of beautiful white marble, with green lawns surrounding it. This is the new high school which has just been erected and named for that great statesman, Mr. John T. Hopper, who has

recently died, leaving the money for the building of it. It amuses me when I now think how the great and worthy man, Mr. Hulsman, used to advocate a new high school building, and how hope would swell in the breasts of us students, only to smoulder and die. But although the walls were in need of paint, the light brackets were awry, although the swimming pool and "gym" were not, although those were the happiest days of my life. I am not used to writing so much, but I cannot help thinking of the old days and of my old classmates, and most of all, of the good times I used to have in P. H. S., the dearest old school that ever was.

—C. H. Wheeler

Friends in this world of hurry,  
And work, and sudden end,  
If a thought comes quick of doing  
A kindness to a friend,  
Do it that very moment;  
Don't put it off, don't wait!  
What's the use of doing a kindness,  
If you do it a day too late?

—Evelyn L. Gregory

#### After The Dance

Did you ever get home in the morning?  
Say about half past two or three.  
The dance is done and you're feeling bum,  
As tho' you had been on a spree.

You fumble around 'til the key hole is found,  
And quietly open the door,  
Very careful to bother not to wake father  
And pause 'til you hear him snore.

Then sneak thru' the house as still as a mouse  
Until you are safe in your lair;  
Stab at the air for the light that's not there  
And suddenly encounter a chair.

Thru' you runs a tremor you'll always remember  
As the chair topples over ker-whack!

You hear father mutter, you hear mother sputter;  
Anyhow they know that you're back.

When you finally get righted and your room it is lighted,  
You think of your girl, O, so fair,  
And tho' you deny it, your own thoughts belie it,  
At the very next dance you'll be there.

H. L. Barber '21

## Disenchantment

The moonlight flooded the valley  
And touched it with silver:  
The wistful little brook  
Sang dreamily  
Between the dipping willows  
Of experience.

And I in robes the moon had given me  
Of pearly clouds diaphanaus—  
A girdle of moonlight—  
A star in my hair—  
Wandered with willing footsteps  
In the path of temptation:  
The path soft and luminous  
In moonbeams  
To the brook where the ripples  
Were happy  
To the bank where the silver casket  
Lay—I knew I would find it—  
Design so beautiful I never saw before.  
The moon, the stars, the dimpled clouds,  
The brook, the willows, and my heart  
All whispered,  
“Open.”

And kneeling by the pretty thing  
I smiled to Pandora  
And lifted the lid.  
Oh beauty!  
The glorious moonlight  
Fell upon a thousand baubles gay,  
Pretty toys of blue and gold  
And amethyst, and emerald, and rose,  
And mine to kiss and play.  
Oh dainty things!  
I took them in my hands  
And tossed them to the moon—  
They floated in the starlight  
And some caressed the brook and lingered,  
Joined the song and went on  
To the future.

I do not know how long  
I watched the tiny brilliant globes.  
The sparkling colors  
Gave me joy, pleasure, a wing love,  
Intoxicating ecstasy and wonder—  
And lightly maddened by this happiness,  
I offered up my heart unto the chest  
And laid it in among the gems  
Beating still.

But oh—the moonlight softly fades;  
The clouds caress the sky  
And stars return to shadows:  
The first of dawn breaks o'er the hill,  
The singing brook now murmurs low—  
Methinks the willows droop more sad  
And soft—the gems are turning grey!  
Ah me the silver casket is but lead  
The fading baubles empty, burst  
And in dull ashes lie about my heart,  
Beating still.

Oh heart, come back,—I cannot touch,  
I cannot reach the throbbing thing:  
My hand is strong restrained.  
Oh have a little mercy, love—  
Oh give me back my heart.  
The lid is closing fast,  
Oh, I am chill—

Thru the misty dawn  
The first finger of the sun  
Fastens the casket, seal and key,  
Beckons warm, and tells me  
That I am shivering and cold—  
I leave my valley for the wood;  
I cannot face the day.

—Margaret Ball Marsh '21

## COMMERCIAL NOTES

The Senior A Class is meeting with much success on its lunch counter.

The names of the teachers of the different rooms have been posted outside of each door. This makes it much easier for new students and for strangers who are not familiar with the building.

Miss Elizabeth Studesberg of the class of Feb. 1920 has taken a position with the Berkshire Manufacturing Co. as a stenographer.

The Misses Irene Merk and Agnes Maloy of the Class of Feb., 1920, have taken positions in the General Electric Company as stenographers.

Miss Flora Dansereau of the Class of Feb. 1920 is taking a P. G. Course.

The Class of Feb. 1920 furnished a rest room for the use of the pupils of this building. This room has been needed for some time, as before, the office was the only place a pupil could be moved to, if taken ill.

The P. H. S. Basket Ball team is well represented by three members of the Commercial Class.

Miss Grace McGill who is taking a P. G. Course in this building expects to complete her course in June. Miss McGill graduated from P. H. S. in the class of June, 1919.

Miss Marguerite Milne, a student of Commercial High recently underwent an operation for appendicitis in the House of Mercy. Miss Milne is rapidly improving and expects to be back at school this month.

Miss Marjorie Barnes has taken a position afternoons in Traver's Insurance Office.

Miss Ruth Fallon of the class of Feb., 1920 has accepted a position in Sloper & Sons Insurance Office.

Mr. Ford of Room 7 has started a campaign to keep his floor free of scraps of paper. Soon it will be an all round campaign.

Miss Lena Isringhaus of Room 8, of the Class of June 1920, won the first prize in Pittsfield for the essay on, "The Benefits of an Enlistment in the United States Army.

Mr. Gannon, superintendent of the schools, awarded the prize to Miss Isringhaus which was a deposit of ten dollars in the City Savings Bank.

On March 16, Mr. Holden of Holden & Stone Co., spoke to the Salesmanship Club on "Fabrics". The Senior Class attended the lecture and enjoyed it.

The following pupils have been awarded their certificates for proficiency in Typewriting.

## Underwood Tests, January, First Awards

Elizabeth Collins	563 words	8 errors	48.3 net
Irene Kirchner	442 words	4 errors	40.2 net
Orena Langlois	508 words	8 errors	42.8 net
Harriet Pemble	500 words	9 errors	41.0 net
Mildred Perry	446 words	4 errors	40.6 net
Anna Pelissier			

## Remington Tests, December &amp; January, First Awards.

Annie R. Cheyne	312 words	2 errors	29.2 net
Oveline Decelles	298 words	4 errors	25.8 net
Saleme Gasson	292 words	3 errors	26.2 net
Isaac Harmon	290 words	4 errors	25.0 net
Sadie Levinson	296 words	5 errors	24.6 net
Mary Mac Millan	305 words	3 errors	27.5 net
Nora Perry	339 words	3 errors	30.9 net
Pearl Van Beamer	363 words	5 errors	31.3 net

## Remington, January, Second Awards

Ruth Munn	446 words	5 errors	396 net
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## Remington, February, First Awards

Mary Cahill	310 words	4 errors	27.0 net
Doris Cobb	306 words	4 errors	26.6 net
Isaac Harmon	316 words	5 errors	26.6 net
Mary Flynn	339 words	4 errors	29.9 net

## ATHLETIC NOTES

In the opening game of the season, Pittsfield beat Drury 28-14, showing fine form and playing all around our up-county rivals. Hunt was the shining light. This game was later forfeited.

In the game with Albany, Pittsfield won 20-11. "Marsh" Wood starred, getting ten out of the fifteen free tries.

In a fast game with Searles, we trimmed them to the tune of 33 to 16. Our old stand-bys, Wood and Hunt, played well, getting 27 points between them.

Pittsfield lost their first game to Dalton, 15-13. Mangan replaced Hunt at the close of the first half and from then on we braced but too late. Wood scored five points.

We lost the game with Hampton 28-5. We were kept on the defensive throughout the whole game. Hunt had four personals called on him and was removed from the game. Mangan starred.

The contest with Adams teemed with interest from start to finish, the score being 20-19. This was our first game without Wood, but we played hard and with Mangan's brilliant work we won.

In the second game with Adams, played on a slippery floor, they turned the tables and took our measure 21-15. Mangan scored four points.

In a close guarded game with Dalton, which at first looked a Dalton victory, we won 17-15. We came up in the second half, and with the star playing of Lincoln, Hunt and Mangan, won a close victory.

The second game with Dalton we lost 13-9. Our teams shows weakening when it comes to winning on an opponents floor. It was a rough game throughout.

We played an interesting game with Drury and lost 20-11. Dillon played well.

Albany College of Pharmacy met their second defeat at our hands, 37-16. Ganley had a big night, getting nine baskets.

In our third game with Adams, we won 23-12. The first half was close, but the second half was easier for us as the score shows. Hunt played a great game, scoring 16 points, but was put off the floor for a very trivial offense. This put him off the team for the remainder of the season, a loss which we felt keenly.

In the game with St. Joseph's, we lost 12-10. Our shooting was very weak and Mangan shot 6 fouls. There was much confusion and many delays, though both teams showed good form.

The most exciting game of the season was played with St. Joseph's, the score being 30-21 in our favor. Large crowds from both schools attended. "Pinkie" Mangan was in a large measure responsible for the victory. Ganley also played well. Our excellent guards, Lincoln and Fox, broke up St. Joseph's pass work often and prevented a larger score on their part.

By winning the next game from Drury, 20-11, we carried a four cornered tie between Drury, Adams, Dalton, and P. H. S. Though Drury had a large cheering squad, we won easily. Mangan's playing featured.

We outclassed Lenox 28-19. Hunt, Bouteiller and Mangan played well.

P. H. S. won the City Championship honors from St. Joseph's, 14-9, at the Armory on Wednesday evening, March 25. Ganley starred, getting five goals.

The call of candidates for baseball brought forth forty-eight men who will be given a try-out soon. The schedule has not been arranged yet as P. H. S. does not wish a conflict with the Eastern League. Mr. Leonard will coach, which fact alone points to a successful season. He has best wishes for good luck from the school.

## ALUMNI NOTES

John Linnehan, former Pittsfield high school star athlete, is playing a fine game in the backfield of the fast Colgate basketball team. John is not only a powerful defensive man but also one of the team's leading scorers. Olin Hunt is a candidate for the track team at Colgate.

Dan Martin is playing with the Syracuse All-Collegians basketball team which is rated as one of the fastest professional teams in New York State.

Walter Zink is a leading pitching candidate for the Amherst baseball team.

Benjamin Wolff has entered New York City College. John Power is in New York and plans to enter Fordham University.

Dillon Garbarino has taken a position with the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad.

John Mangan has taken a position with the General Electric Company.

The Misses Bessie More, Eleanor Ryan, Gladys Lenihan, Harry Kanter, and Luman Morton have taken positions with Eaton, Crane & Pike Company.

Miss Olive Ford is teaching school in the town of Washington.

William Mara has taken a position with the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

## STUDENT ACTIVITIES

### Senior A Class Notes

The new officers of the Senior A class are: Kenneth Semple, President; Hope McQuaid, Vice-President; John M. Reichard, Secretary, and Grace Carrier, Treasurer. The class has decided not to have the usual class colors, purple and gold, so a committee has been appointed with Mr. Staples as chairman, to choose the colors. The class is to arrange for a private dance in the near future.

### Junior A Class Notes

The present officers of the Junior A Class are John T. Hopper, President; Frances Fowler, Vice-President; Robert Peek, Secretary and Thomas Killian Treasurer. The Class had planned on a sleighride and a class dance, but both fell through. The sleighride was cancelled for reasons unknown, the class dance, "so Rumor hath it," because Mr. Hulsman did not think it advisable to run a dance during Lent. Maroon and Grey were chosen for the class colors. A class tax of 25c a month was decided on.

—R. Peek, Secretary

### Sophomore A Class Notes

Theodore Kallman, President; Clara Noble, Vice-President; Eleanor Hamer, Treasurer; Crawford Conant, Secretary. At one of the meetings the class decided to collect a class tax. A sleighride to Berkshire was planned, but owing to the fact that the Seniors had voted on the same sleighride, this idea was abandoned. We then decided to go to Lenox, and we spent a very enjoyable evening there. Another sleighride was planned, but the weather would not permit it.

T. C. '22

## CLUB NOTES

### The Math Club

Under the supervision of Mr. Lucey, the Math Club has been progressing rapidly. During the past several weeks, the construction of several arches has been taken up. The club is now doing Euclidean work. At its last meeting the club discussed the principles of inscribable polygons developed by Professor Archibald who has devoted practically his whole life to this one phase of mathematics.

—Beatrice M. Rowan

### Salesmanship Club

The Salesmanship Club meets at the Reed Building under the direction of Mr. Wraught. There are no officers. At the last meeting Mr. E. W. Holden gave a very interesting talk on textiles. Mr. Holden is well qualified to speak on this subject as he has studied it thoroughly. During the war he was employed by the government to inspect textiles in New York and Boston. His talk was enjoyed by all.

—H. S. '20

### Debating Club

The debating Club meets in the lecture room under the able direction of Mr. Burke. The membership now numbers nearly fifty. The officers are: Carl Coulter, President; William Dubois, Vice-President; Thomas Scully, Secretary-Treasurer. Many interesting debates have been held recently on such subjects as the Abolition of Capital Punishment, the Deportation of the "Reds", and the Returning of the American Dead to this Country. The club invites the boys of the school to attend.

—H. S. '20

### Current Events and Travel Club

It was decided not to hold any more meetings of the club in school on account of the short periods not permitting the completion of the program. A meeting was held February 17 at Miss Hunt's home and a lunch was served during a social hour. A meeting was held at Mrs. Bennet's home on February 24 and the life of Peary as an explorer was discussed and refreshments were served by the hostess. Interesting photographs of Pittsfield were shown and Miss Tolman joined the club. The next meeting was held at the home of Miss Hodgeman and Miss Lyman and Miss Wilmarth joined the club. Also Miss Tolman was elected Vice-President in place of Mr. Hynes who recently

resigned from the club. A new plan introduced by the secretary was received. Members are to reply with some interesting bit of news. Refreshments were served after the program. The next meeting is to be held at the home of Miss Tolman, on Thursday evening, March 25.

—Ruth Hunt '20

### Electrical Club Notes

The first meeting of the new electrical club was held on February 12, in the physical laboratory. Mr. Keaney was supervisor. The officers elected were Thomas J. Killian, President, and Walter Durant, Secretary. The members of the club are divided into groups studying specific branches of electricity, T. Killian and C. Wheeler, elected X-Rays; B. Humphryville and G. Conway, wireless, W. Patnode and R. Kenyon, telephones, D. Dansereau and Durant, motors and generators; Leahey, Watson, Hines and the rest, cells and batteries.

The X-Ray group discovered that the tube owned by the High School is a special high frequency tube. They have made some fine radiographs of not only inanimate objects but also of the human hand. They also have turned over to Mr. Keaney some working drawings of the X-Ray.

The battery group has done laudable work in its line. Watson and Leahey have made some fine drawings of cells in operation. This group, considering the members are all new, has done admirably.

The telephone group, although it has not handed in a report seems to be one of the best in the club.

The motor and generator group have repaired an aluminum valve rectifier, experimented with motors and generators and turned in to Mr. Keaney a good drawing of a rectifier. A chart has been made showing the voltage and amperage of a rectifier.

Every month a report is read by each of the groups telling what has been accomplished, and then it decides on some new phase of electricity. The wireless group suggested that the club put in a petition for a new wireless set. This was soon passed by the club and has been put before the Superintendent. If this is approved, the high school will have one of the finest sets in the country. We owe thanks to the wireless group for this. The club has decided to meet Wednesday night of each week from 7.30 to 9.30. In this way much more work will be done than in the old way of only forty minutes a week.

### Girls' League Notes

Altho' you have not seen or heard much from the Girls League in the last two Student's Pens, it is still in progress. There has been two basketball games with the Business Women's Club and also one with Dalton. We were defeated in the three games that were played.

—Marion Cook '21

**Camp Fire Notes**

The sixth annual supper for the Camp Fire Girls of this city was held on New Year's night in the Girls' League gymnasium. During the supper, songs and cheers were given by each of the twelve groups. After supper the girls listened to a very interesting talk by Miss Mary Stevenson, on her work in different parts of France during the recent World War.

On January 10, fifty girls from the different groups responded to the call of the Day Nursery Tag Day committee and spent the day in soliciting funds for this worthy cause. The Camp Fire girls and Boy Scouts collected \$900—\$600 of which the girls collected.

One group has been studying elementary psychology, another group held a very successful cake sale, two other groups have been serving for the Day Nursery.

—*Ida Vaile '21*

**Y. M. C. A. Notes**

The Y. M. C. A. Conference was held this year at Somerville, Mass. Ten delegates from Pittsfield attended. The Big '20 minstrels were held at the Boys' Club auditorium on March 8 and 9. Considering the lack of rehearsals they were good. Mr. Reed is planning on a tennis tournament this year on the Y. M. C. A. courts for high school Y. M. C. A. fellows. He wants all who play tennis to back him and help make it a success.

—*R. Peck*

**EXCHANGES**

The Student's Pen gratefully acknowledges the following exchanges:

*The Tripod*, Hartford, Conn.

*Syracuse Daily Orange*, Syracuse, N. Y.

*Tech Life*, Springfield, Mass.

*Drury Academe*, North Adams, Mass.

*The Artisan*, Bridgeport, Conn.

*S. H. S. Echoes*, Springfield, Vt.

*Danbury Chronicle*, Danbury, Conn.

*Bangor Oracle*, Manchester, N. Y.

*Dean Megaphone*, Franklin, Mass.

*Blue and Gold*, Malden, Mass.

*The Crimson and Grey*—Southbridge, Mass.—Your paper is on the whole, good. Except for athletics you have left us rather in the dark concerning your students' activities.

*The Roman*, Rome, Georgia—An excellent paper rivalling any school paper in the South. You are to be commended for your fine Literary Department. We liked "The Fortunes of Burglary" especially. It is a story worthy of an experienced writer.

*The High School Recorder*—Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—You have a fine little paper. We think it might be improved upon by developing to a greater extent the Editorial Department. Your exchange has excellent comments.

*The Register*, Burlington, Vt.—We like the cut heading the Literary Department. The "Can You Imagine" page is original. Why not try to have your stories printed on successive pages and not have short stories scattered throughout the copy as in the January issue?

*Cumtex*, Alexandria, La.—An interesting little paper. However, Cumtex, "ghostly" stories are rather prosaic.

*The Red and Black*, Claremont, N. H.—You have a promising paper. There is opportunity for improvement in your Literary Department. You need a little "pep" in your stories.

*The High School Citizen*, Dunkirk, N. Y.—Your Athletic Department is well developed and presented. Here is a prescription which should work wonders with your paper: 3 ounces of pep plus school spirit, to be taken regularly at the time of each publication.

**Exchange Jokes**

Teacher—"Where is your poem?"

Pupil (handing her a blank sheet of paper) "Here it is?"

Teacher—(glancing at empty sheet)—"I don't see any poem."

Pupil—"Why, surely not. That's blank verse."

Banker—"Do you know anything about checks and drafts?"

Applicant—"Yes, sir; I've run our furnace for years."

Freshie—"Do doughnuts grow on trees?"

Soph.—"Sure."

Freshie—"Then what tree does the doughnut grow on?"

Soph.—"Pantry."

## COMPLIMENTS OF

*The Pittsfield Electric Co.*

Kenyon (Coming into the office at 1.30)—“Mr. Hulsman in?”

Miss Nelson—“No he has just gone out to dinner.”

Kenyon—“Will he be back after dinner?”

Miss Nelson—“No, that’s what he went out after.”

They say that Washington once threw a silver dollar across the Potomac river. We don’t doubt it. A dollar went a long way in those days.

Teacher—“What is work?”

Hopper—“Everything is work.”

Exasperated teacher—“I suppose this desk is work.”

Hopper—“Sure, wood work!”

Heather—“Lend me a fiver old chap. I’ll be everlastingly indebted to you.”

Semple—“That’s what I’m afraid of.”

Little Johnny Brown  
Lives on earth no more;  
What he took for  $H_2O$   
Was  $H_2S O_4$ .

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Bramble—“Do you know Lincoln’s Gettysburg Address?”

Patnode—“I always thought he lived at the White House.”

Mr. Leonard (explaining problems to 6th period class)—“Now watch the board closely and I will run through it once more.”

Teacher—“What is this: ‘You look like a hedgehog?’”

Musante—“An objective compliment.”

You can always tell a Senior by his gait around the town,  
You can always tell a Junior by his foolish looking frown,  
You can always tell a Sophomore by his collar, tie and such,  
You can always tell a Freshman, but you cannot tell him much.

—*I Tellum* ’35

Peck—“The sixth period wore on—”

Morin—“What did it wear?”

Peck—“The close of school.”

Mr. Leonard—“I told you to watch when that acid boiled over.”

Musante—“I did, it was ten minutes after two.”

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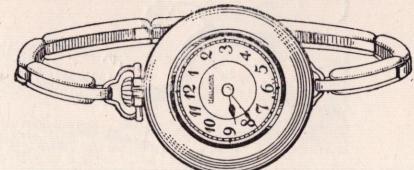
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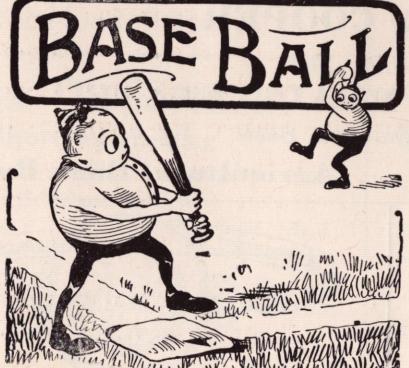
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Soph. B.—“Ruby went home not feeling well.”

C. C.—“Flu?”

Soph. B.—“No, walked.”

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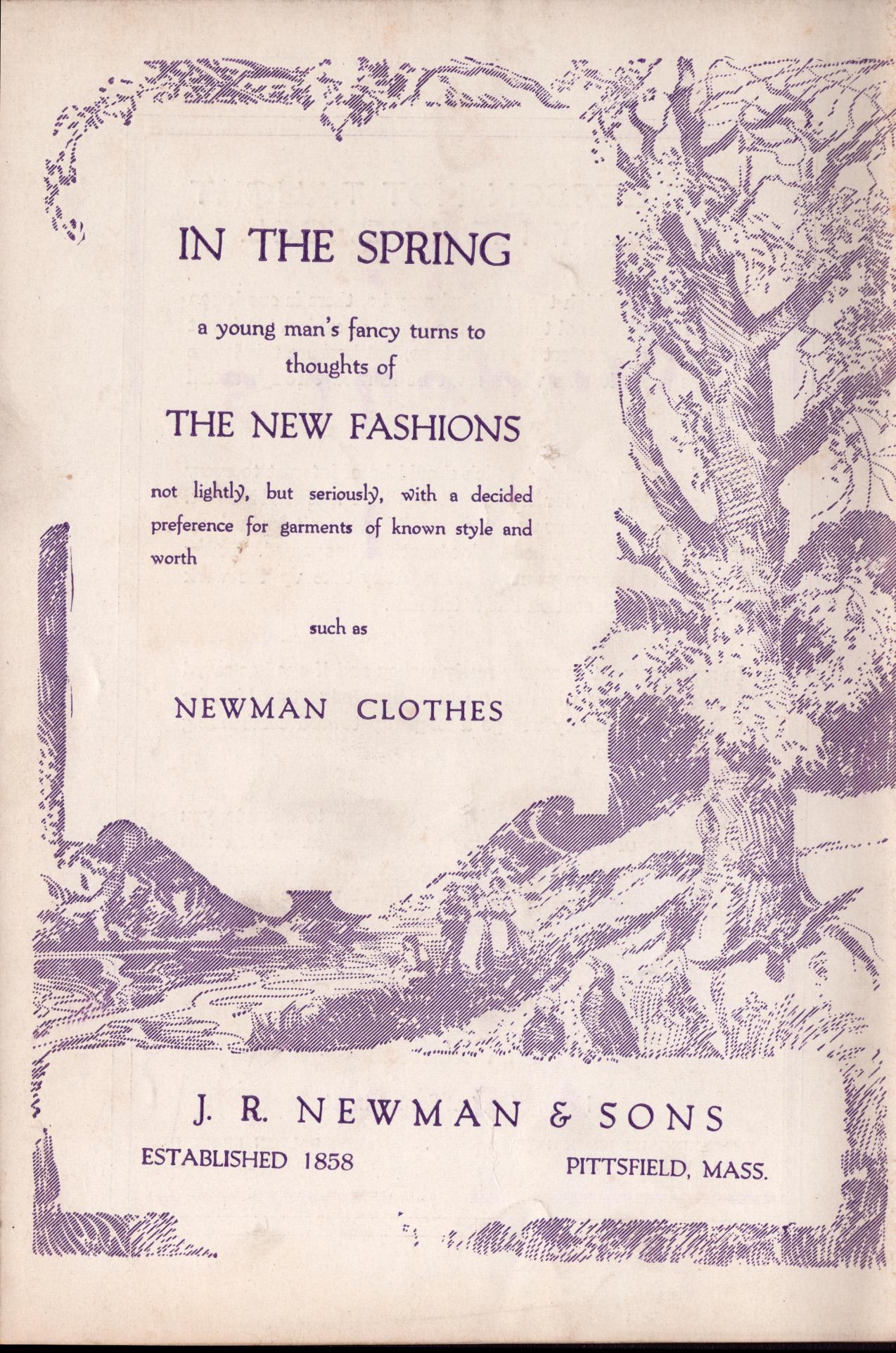
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